The Traytors Laſt Farewel:

Or, *Treaſon Miraculouſly Diſcover'd.*

Being a full and true account of one Sir *Thomas Armſtrong*, who with other Rebels, had Conſpired the Death of our Soveraign Lord the King, and Subverting the Government: And though he fled beyond the Seas for refuge, yet there the hand of Juſtice found him out; and was brought back to *England*, where he received the due Sentence of Death, which was accordingly Executed on the 20th. of this Inſtant *June*, 1684.

To the Tune of, *Let* Oliver *now be forgotten.*

OLd Tony he led you to Ruin,
to kick againſt Power and State,
But now it has prov'd your undoing,
for all he'd a Politick Pate:
For now you may ſee they look lowze,
The Law has invincible Power,
And I do hope will all Traytors devour,
Now 'tis in vain for to babble and prate.

O Armſtrong, you ſee your Condition,
you find what your Plotting hath done,
Your Pride and your haughty ambition,
did force you from England to run:
For the old courſe you were taken,
Loyal Allegience forſaken,
It doth appear ſuch Laws you were making,
But now it will fill you with horror and fear.

Sure Armſtrong was highly beſotted,
to act in ſo horrid a thing,
For treacherouſly you have Plotted,
againſt a moſt Soveraign King:
And when you heard the Narration,
Of the Kings Proclamation,
The Sea you croſt, forſaking the Nation,
But now all your hopes is drowned at laſt.

For hatching and Plotting of Treaſon,
O Armſtrong you entred your hand,
Contrary to Law, Right, or Reaſon,
againſt the great King of the Land:
Every Wheel was in motion,
They did it in point of Devotion,
At laſt for fear you croſſed the Ocean,
And now a fine Halter doth fall to your ſhare.

You aim'd at the very Foundation,
our gracious good King and the Heir,
The strength and the stay of the Nation,
but now you are catcht in the Snare:
For Armstrong you dy'd a Traytor,
Gray will be found little better,
When he comes here early or later,
And Ferguson too must come in for a share.

These were the Blades of Sedition,
maintainers of Tony's Old Cause,
That rail'd against Lawful Succession,
to tread down our National Laws:
Yea both the Prince and his power,
Dayly they sought to devour,
They would have sent Loyal hearts to the Tower:
Without all dispute this was their intent.

Those Villains then in the conclusion,
had they but obtained their will,
The Land would have been in Confusion,
and innocent Blood for to spill:
Then let us pray for the King and respect him:
The Heavens I hope will direct him,
With all his Train ever protect him,
And send him a long and prosperous Reign.

But Armstrong was never so daunted,
no, ne'r since he first drew his breath.
O then he with Horror was haunted,
when he receiv'd Sentence of Death:
He fain would have have come to a Tryal,
But yet there was a denial,
O Armstrong, you had better been Loyal,
Then to be found to be one of the Crew.

But let him have what he deserved,
and give to each Traytor his due,
Let Charles our good King be preserved,
from all the implacable Crew:
Let Drums and Trumpets sound it,
Hang up each treach'rous Round-head,
So let them swing, thus be confounded,
While we that are Loyal cry, God save the King.

FINIS.

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